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Nicolette Bernard As Tilburina In "The Critic"

Nicolette Bernard appears as the heroine Tilburina in Sheridan's *The Critic*, in the Old Vic Company's production at the New Theatre. Three years ago she was acting in repertory at Amersham, and Miles Malleon, who lived nearby, used to go over to see the plays in search of future talent. He introduced Miss Bernard to Robert Donat who, impressed by her beauty and skill, engaged her to play opposite him in *To Dream Again* which Miles Malleon was producing. The play toured, but owing to Robert Donat's film commitments, did not reach town. When Miles Malleon joined the Old Vic Company he was delighted to find that Nicolette Bernard was playing the role of Tilburina, and she has scored a great success. Tall and auburn haired with a rich speaking voice, she is the daughter of Anthony Bernard, music director at Stratford on Avon from 1930-42



Family Party at Tullybelton in Perthshire

Tullybelton, Bankfoot, is the lovely home of Lady Abertay, widow of the first Baron Abertay, who died in 1940. Lady Abertay has three daughters, the Hon. June Coupar Barrie, the Hon. Rosemary Coupar Barrie and the Hon. Caroline Coupar Barrie, who are seen here with their mother and their grandmother, Lady Broom. The wide windows of the drawing-room looking over the parklands frame a perfect picture of the Perthshire countryside

Simon Harcourt-Smith

PORTRAITS IN PRINT

*"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world"*

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Twelfth Night

I AM inclined to regret that the modern emphasis on Christmas and New Year's Eve has driven Twelfth Night out of English fashion. In France, and particularly in Belgium, it is still the most honoured festival of the wintry season. The cobbled streets of Brussels, gleaming like dolphins' backs under a light but continuous rain, shine also with innumerable tinsel crowns, on the heads of children chosen to represent the Three Kings.

The Magi

THE aged Melchior brought gold, the young Casper frankincense, the black Balthasar offered myrrh. Somehow these offerings seem to evoke the whole wealth of the Indies. When one sees the Three Kings gleaming in Benozzo Gozzoli's famous fresco in Florence, one understands the lure of spices and treasure

that drove Vasco da Gama ever onwards, round the Cape of Good Hope to Calicut. The episode of the star and these great dignitaries drawn from afar towards the manger in Bethlehem is incontestably one of the most exciting and poetic moments in the whole story of the Nativity. My children insist upon a repetition of the tale at every bedtime, and are martinets over the omission of a single detail. It certainly obsessed our ancestors no less. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1731 records that on Twelfth Night that year, at the Chapel-Royal, St. James's, the King and the Prince (presumably "poor Fred, who was alive and is now dead") "made the offerings at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom." What a charming custom! What ill work the Victorian utilitarians and the modern machine have done, sweeping these elegant observances away.

The Bean

NOW, Twelfth Night just means taking down the Christmas Tree. But even at the end of the last century, and particularly in the North of England, kings were chosen just as on the Continent to this day. There was a pudding for the occasion, very rich and filled with plums. There were also a bean in it, money, and some token—I hesitate to imagine what shape it can have taken—which denoted that the person in whose piece of pudding it was found, must be a cuckold. He to whom the bean fell was crowned king for the evening, and lifted up three times to the ceiling on which he made the sign of the cross in chalk to ward off evil spirits for the coming year. And the fiddler, laying his head on the lap of the prettiest girl present, divined at midnight who would marry whom among the company during the next twelvemonth.

How sad all this gay mummery is gone. What fools we should look, too, if we attempted to revive it. Let us spare ourselves gestures so hopelessly self-conscious as the revival of folk-dancing twenty or thirty years ago—the young men with over-developed Adam's apples, and bells on their grey trousers skipping across the green which was served by the London Passenger Transport Board. Perhaps we must regain our innocence, in some vast cataclysm which no doubt the scientists are even now cooking up for us, before we can regain the pageantry of the year.

Igor Stravinsky

THERE WAS NO earthly reason why I should be, but I was surprised to read that Igor Stravinsky had turned into an American citizen. He has, of course, been living in the States for the last few years; and we must all be grateful to Mrs. Coolidge, that great American patroness of music, who orders a ballet from Stravinsky, as another woman might order a clip from Cartier's. It was thanks to her munificence, I think, that Stravinsky's exquisite music for the ballet *Apollo Musagetes* ever came into the world.

It is an unceasing puzzle to me why the English, with their modern passion for music, hardly seem to give a thought to Stravinsky, the greatest composer of our day, and make such a hullabaloo over those pretentious over-spiced puddings, the symphonies of Sibelius. I suppose the vague yearnings, the atmosphere of a Brahms "gone native," above all the furriness of every outline in Sibelius' music, suit the misty compromise which is the English character.

It certainly doesn't suit me. Ten thousand times rather would I have those noble clanging chords on four pianos that end Stravinsky's *Noces*, the great dirge at the end of *Symphonie des Psaumes* ("Praise ye the Lord, praise Him with instruments of brass"), or the maddening, intoxicating Sacrificial Dance from the *Sacre du Printemps* eating its way into my brain.

"Sacre du Printemps"

THE first performance in Paris of the *Sacre*, just before the last war, provided one of the great musical scandals of history. The uncompromising brutality of the music—which must have sounded ten times stranger to the generation of our parents than it does to us—drove the audience into frenzies of pleasure or indignation. The stalls became a battlefield, with opera-glasses and canes to aid the angry fists. One enthusiast was so carried away by the rhythms, he began to beat time, not noticing what he was doing, with his programme on the toupet of a lady sitting in front of him. Finally the police were called out to stop the riot.

"Iphigenie en Tauride"

As far as I know, there have only occurred two comparable musical riots. The first was when that wonderful composer Gluck, in Louis XVI's day, engaged in a musical contest with the then fashionable, now forgotten Italian master, Piccini. They both undertook to write operas on the theme of *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Gluck's work turned out incontestably superior. Indeed it is one of the most exciting works of its kind produced during the whole of the eighteenth century. But Piccini's partisans tried to break up the performance. When Piccini's opera came to be given, it was found pretty enough (Piccini was a master of graceful melodies), but the general effect was ruined by the appearance of the soprano, as drunk as a coot. "Ce n'est pas Iphigenie en Tauride! C'est Iphigenie en Champagne!" someone yelled, and the performance was laughed off the boards. Once

again there were riots in the stalls, and the police called out.

Pauline Metternich

THE other rowdy occasion was some eighty years later, when Princess Pauline Metternich, Austrian Ambassadress in Paris during the Second Empire, tried to introduce the music of Wagner to the French. The first playing of *Lohengrin* provoked scenes of such impassioned fury, the musical dictionaries still seem to shudder when they write of it. Personally, I think the French showed in the episode a good taste to which they might have done worse than cling. For nothing could have been more boring than the cult of Wagner that reigned in Paris when I grew up. One must, of course, never allow political preoccupations to influence aesthetic tastes. The fact of Wagner being a German is no more important than the Teutonic blood of the celestial Bach or of the divine Mozart. But I fail to see how anyone who really abhors German aggression, the whole Prussian military formula, can really put up with the implications of the Ring. And I defy the most impartial lover of music not to be influenced in his appreciation even of the *Meistersingers* by reading Wagner's political testament, that screams for the advent of a Hitler.

"Come to England"

I AM ruefully amused to see that we are about to launch a portentous campaign to attract tourists to England. Does anyone seriously think we can build up a tourist trade just by propaganda. Of course, there is no reason why foreigners should not be attracted to our country: incomparable museums, an architecture unrivalled by any countries save Italy and Spain, the placid verdant countryside. There will be once again, I suppose, a Savile Row to make you the best suits in the world within a fortnight; there will be Courts and smart parties and shooting and hunting. But all those pleasures are for but a handful. The flourishing tourist traffic comes from those who travel for sight-seeing or gastronomy, right into the heart of a country. And anybody who tried that trick in England would be next door to an imbecile.

Let us face the fact. Unless you travel from one friend's house to another in England, you might as lief cross the Sahara. Consider the bestiality of the average English inn, the grey beef (I postulate a time of plenty and peace), the sodden cabbage, the undrinkable coffee. One knows, of course, one or two haunts in the remoter corners of the kingdom where you can get a tolerable steak-and-kidney pudding. But who would bother to visit England for that? Who except the mad English would suffer the intolerable inconvenience of our licencing laws, the discomfort of our hotel bedrooms in the country?

Army Catering

IN any case, I imagine the efforts of our army catering and military clubs abroad will have given many inhabitants of the Continent a shrewd idea of what we mistake for comfort and good food.

Our railway transport authorities have covered the lines of Europe with a glutinous deposit of sweet pink cake and cheese sandwiches. On the American military trains, you get juicy steaks and onions, and hot-dogs and tomato juice and heaven knows what else. The British must doggedly munch their cheese sandwiches or detrain for a bite of breakfast sausage. Why have we such a genius for creating discomfort wherever we go abroad, when nothing could be more comfortable, more gracious than the English country house? Is it our damnable Puritanical conscience, that is always raging just outside the park gates?



Lady Bowater brought her two children, Sarah and Nicholas



David and Susan, children of Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke



Actress Jean Colin had Sandra Beaton on her knee. In the centre is Lady Cunningham with Michael Webster and, on the right, Mrs. Webster



Children's Christmas Party at the Hungaria

Charles, Sarah and James Henderson shared a table with young Ann Sadler, who is sitting on her sailor father's knee. The Hendersons are the children of the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Henderson

James Agat

AT THE PICTURES

A Word To The Stars

ZEELACIOUS commerciality," said Mr. Polly with reference to the hardware trade. I wonder what phrase he would have coined for the monotonous sameness of the modern film-star. "Zeelacious pulchreputude" perhaps. Some time during the holidays a friend of mine showed me some twenty portraits of world-famous female film-stars and asked me if I could name them. I managed to identify four. Greer Garson because she looks intelligent. Rosalind Russell because she is an old friend. Margaret O'Brien because she is a young one. And Judy Garland because she reminds me of how, on a first night, Mrs. Patrick Campbell leant across to another actress who was holding forth and said, in a stage whisper: "Your eyes are so far apart I should have to take a taxi."

How anybody can distinguish any of the other twenty beauties is beyond my comprehension. But then, it always has been. For years I could not remember what any film-star looked like except Garbo and Hepburn. These two faces still seem to me to have a gloomy significance, like Wastwater on a dull day. Whereas every other film-star impresses me like the dimpling waters of Bassenthwaite. One thing the film mind has not yet discovered; this is that every great legitimate actress has had the power in some moods of looking ugly. Rachel in French tragedy could look like all the lost tribes of Israel rolled into one. Sarah Bernhardt could put on a credible representation of an alligator having a brainstorm. Mrs. Kendal, that monument of bourgeois plainness, could look like Table Mountain struck by lightning. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, loveliest of women when she chose, could look like six Medusas. Now, apart from Garbo and Hepburn, I know of no film-star who ever looks like anything except a beauty parlour's shop-window.

It is the same with the men, among whom I can only recognize Charles Laughton, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney, Gary Cooper, Groucho Marx, Mickey Rooney, and Master Jackie Jenkins. And that's about all! I suppose there are people who can tell Ray Milland from Dennis Morgan, and recognize Errol Flynn when they see him. This gift has, alas, been denied me. (I am just beginning to learn which is Stewart Granger.) Why have our film-stars never realized the virtue of individuality? Take our English actresses. I take it that nobody with two eyes in his head is going to confuse Dame Edith Evans—to whom I venture to offer *Tatler's* congratulations—with Dame Sybil Thorndike, or to mistake Sonia Dresdel for Kay Hammond, or confound Donald Wolfit with Robert Donat. Why, I repeat, do not film-stars recognize the virtue of not being like every other film-star?

THIS week I have learnt the answer. The film which enlightened me was *Anchors Aweigh* (Empire). The sailor, Gene Kelly (Joseph Brady), is speaking, and he says as follows: "If you like dames what's the use of having a dame that's different from other dames?" Whereupon the picture promptly proves him to be wrong, since Kathryn Grayson seems to me to have a good deal of charm and a pretty little singing voice. The story tells how two sailors (Kelly and Frank Sinatra) try to engineer an audition for little Susan (the aforesaid Kathryn) with, if you please, José Iturbi (José Iturbi). But the great man is busy practising that Tschaikowsky concerto. Alternatively he is performing that Hungarian Rhapsody to the accompaniment of twenty infant prodigies pounding away on twenty grand pianos. Presently Sinatra contacts Iturbi by accident and proceeds to croon to him. Croon what? Why, that Tschaikowsky concerto, of course. But before this we have heard him give out a remarkable ditty to the words:—

The charm of You,
Incomparable You!

About which time an exposition of sleep came upon me and I had a dream in which I beheld the gentler half of the Critics' Circle discarding its mink and crying: "Come and get us, Frankie."

The truth about this film is that it is absurd and delightful. I do not believe that the entire American Navy is summoned to the Hollywood Bowl to hear some little hop-o'-my-thumb yodel. And when I believe in Sinatra as a sailor I shall form a high opinion of myself as a steeplejack! On the other hand, Frankie is not by any means without charm; indeed, the only fault I find with him is that he doesn't know the first thing about crooning. As Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer know not only the first but the last thing about everything I take it that this film is justified in running for two-hours-and-a-half. Allowing for the fact that I was asleep half the time (actually some ten minutes), it still seemed to me a bit on the long side.

My recollection of other events during the holiday season—which, heaven knows, is no holiday for film critics—includes that magnificent thriller, *The House on 92nd Street* (Odeon). I take this to be quite first-class. And this in spite of the fact that I saw the last half first and then sat through some interminably dreary rubbish—*Domestic Hints: How to Make Tomato Soup Out of Lentils, What to do with Daddy's Old Pants, A New Use for Old Kid Gloves*—in order to see the beginning. Then there was *Those Endearing Young Charms* (Tivoli). The charms in question belonged to Laraine Day, an inexpressibly refined young woman who worked in a scent

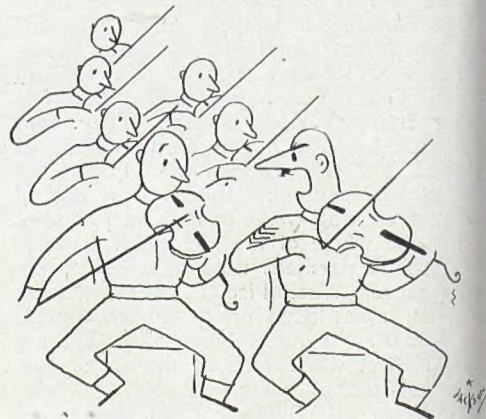
shop, perfume store, or whatever they call it, and couldn't make up her mind on which of two American suitors to bestow those aforesaid charms. As I couldn't care less I left and spent the rest of that afternoon in a large and popular cinema, not strictly in the West End. In the interval there was an organ recital, and while from the instrument proceeded the strains of "Tales from the Vienna Woods" a screen was let down on which was written:—

Like many other musicians Johann Strauss obtained his first musical education in a church. One day his teacher found him swinging a nifty polka . . . like Geraldo and Jack Payne, young Strauss had to get about a bit . . .

So once more I fled, apostrophizing the entire brood of cinema organists:—

The charm of You,
Incomparable You!

AND then I had a go at *Wonder Man* (Leicester Square) and spent a couple of hours wondering why Danny Kaye should be billed as "the greatest scream ever," when he doesn't, to my way of thinking, begin to be funny. He doesn't look funny. There is nothing grotesque about him. He looks as our own Michael Redgrave would look in the role of Marcus Superbus. Half-way through the performance I said to the man who was with me, "Do you think he's funny?" And received the reply, "Not yet," which, of course, is fatal. If a low comedian is going to be funny he must be funny in the first half-minute. I admit that Kaye has the apparatus of funniness, but the result is something persistent, tireless, synthetic. Only in the last ten minutes did he make me smile, and that was only because, in the role of an operatic tenor with a red beard, he looked exactly like our more eminent photographer.



"You're out of step!"

Flanagan and Allen
in
"Here Comes
The Sun"

● Flanagan and Allen are on the top of their inimitable form in this light-hearted comedy about two newspaper men, who get in and out of innumerable difficulties trying to expose a corrupt newspaper magnate. The film starts with Bud and Ches wearily plodding over the desert. However, Bud does not think this sort of journey really necessary so they devise a new plot for the film and hence the newspaper story. The will of the late Mr. Wallace, newspaper proprietor, has been forged by his partner, Bradshaw, and instead of the money going to Wallace's niece, Helen, Bradshaw seizes the fortune and the newspaper. Corona Flanagan, so called because of his penchant for Mr. Wallace's cigars; is the sports editor, and is promptly fired by Bradshaw, who also frames him on a charge of fraud, and Corona goes to jail. However, the governor of the local prison is a friend of his, and after Corona has devised a successful new regime for the brightening of prisons, it is not long before he finds himself accidentally at liberty. Then he drops in on Ches Allen, editor of *The Sun*, and the two set to work in a somewhat eccentric, though exceedingly hilarious, fashion to put Bradshaw "inside," put themselves in clover and enable Helen Wallace to get her money and her man

On the Trail: Corona (Bud) Flanagan and Ches Allen find themselves in many a tight spot when they assign themselves to exposing a criminal newspaper proprietor who has, among other things, framed Bud into jail



A Heavy Disguise. Corona dresses up as a Russian countess in order to unmask Bradshaw (Joss Ambler). He vamps him and he and Ches between them steal the keys to Bramley Hall, the country house left to Bradshaw under the will



The Happy Ending. During their sleuthing activities the two of them are arrested, and the friendly prison governor hands Corona a cigar which he left behind on his first visit, in it they find the real missing will

The Theatre

"The Glass Slipper" (St. James's)

"Peter Pan" (Scala)

TO the vast pantomime public in the West End, a brace of pantomimes is scarcely the equivalent of half a turkey to a swarming Victorian family. Children, fortunately, fare better. Those too ripe in experience for the simple nursery frolics of *The Land of the Christmas Stocking* can make do handsomely with what the Farjeons and Barrie give them. A little judicious pestering of parents may be required if both pieces are to be bagged, but seats are not easy to come by this year and the child who brings off the double should give thanks for a nobly persistent father.

THE persistence may come about, of course, through the poor man's ignoble unwillingness to plump for one in preference to the other. It is a nice choice, especially if both plays are known. *Peter Pan* is—well, there it is, and to let a child grow up without having seen it is a grave responsibility. A queerness might hang about him for the rest of his life, the queerness of one "whose youth has been depressed by exceptional aesthetic surroundings." Barrie no longer invites newcomers, he commands their attendance. But if we do not send our children to see the Farjeons' *Cinderella* we feel as though convicted of having talked a lot of nonsense on this subject in the past. How often have we complained of the atrocious treatment meted out by Drury Lane and the Lyceum to the fairy stories? "The ideal pantomime," wrote William Archer, "should charm the senses, stimulate the imagination, and satisfy the intelligence." We have all said much the same thing; and here in *The Glass Slipper* is the story of Cinderella delicately disengaged from its vulgar theatrical conventions and made to reveal itself as the most romantic of all stories. What Archer fifty years ago urged should be done Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon, working at the immediate behest of Mr. Robert Donat, last year did. Their piece is orderly, decorative, elegant, without a hint of vulgarity, and yet with plenty of the domestic humour in which children delight. Grandfather clocks, toys, tops and brooms discover voices and establish gently whimsical relations

with Cinderella. And the splendour is of the right kind, the palace suggesting the masterpiece of a great confectioner within which all is courtly grace. Yes, the piece charms the senses, stimulates the imagination, even satisfies the intelligence; and if it somehow fails to move with the rhythm of a dream fantasy, fails really to enchant, that is only because inspiration did not reward fine workmanship. It is better acted than it was last year. Miss Sara Gregory is vital and happy as Cinderella, Mr. Geoffrey Dunn is again in admirable form as the Herald, and Miss Elsie French, Miss Joan Sterndale Bennett and Miss Olga May deal faithfully with the step-relations.

Peter Pan is staged this year in the strange marble architecture of the Scala, and Miss Celia Lipton is the boy who refused to grow up. Miss Lipton made an entrancing Quaker Girl last year, but she does not seem altogether happy as the captain of the Lost Boys. She makes a gallant enough figure when action is her cue, and she is a "bonny fighter," but Peter should be as much himself when he pulls out his pipes and plays sitting on the air after the barrel has been knocked from under him as when he is a human boy. Miss Lipton is hardly "fey" enough, but the opposite of that quality, a reasonable common sense, is an asset in any Wendy, and this Miss June Holden abundantly supplies. She is indeed one of the best Wendys in the history of the play, capable and altogether free of that mawkishness which lurks in every sentence of the part ready to spring out and choke any actress without the personality to ward it off. Mr. George Curzon again doubles the parts of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook, and his Hook is a rich study in luscious villainy—a pirate with a sense of style and the knowledge that he is entitled to wear the old Etonian tie. I have said enough, I hope, to show that the child's case for seeing both these pieces is eminently reasonable. In a liberal education one theatrical outing at Christmas must anyway be deemed short measure.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Peter Pan (Celia Lipton), the "Boy Who Would Not Grow Up," Wendy (June Holden), the little mother of all the lost boys, Mrs. Darling (Mercia Swinburne), the real mother, who is deserted when her children fly to the Never Never Land, and Captain Hook (George Curzon), that boldest and baddest of all bad pirates from Eton and Oxford

The Glass Slipper. Cinderella (Sara Gregory), at first so forlorn and ragged, the Father (Lawrence Hanray) and a most henpecked husband, the Herald (Geoffrey Dunn), full of Pomp and Circumstance, the Step-mother (Elsie French), so malicious and unkind, and the Ugly Sisters, Arethusa and Araminta (Olga May, Joan Sterndale Bennett)



Fairy Tale and Harlequinade

"The Glass Slipper" at the St. James's Theatre



Father: "Girls, girls, your father has come home."

The genial father greets his wife (Elsie French) and her two unprepossessing daughters, Araminta and Arethusa (Joan Sterndale Bennett, Olga May)

● For the second year in succession, Robert Donat presents *The Glass Slipper* at the St. James's Theatre. This charming play, written by Eleanor Farjeon and her brother, the late Herbert Farjeon, tells the story of Cinderella quite simply without the variety side-lines which are so much the part of the Christmas pantomime. There is also an enchanting Harlequinade which takes place in the third act. The history of the ill-treated little Cinderella, who lives in a world of make-believe, is followed faithfully by the authors who also give delightful voices to the animals and the furniture; all these are Cinderella's friends, and sympathise with her in her misfortunes

Photographs by
Edward Mandinian



Cinderella: "Go on telling, father."

The old father and his sad little daughter, Cinderella, talk over bygone days, while his affection helps to compensate her for her lonely life (Lawrence Hanray, Sara Gregory)



Herald: "Parents are also requested to attend"

The Herald, full of self-importance, arrives with invitations to the court ball for each unmarried daughter of the house, for the King is seeking a bride for his son (Lawrence Hanray, Geoffrey Dunn, Elsie French)

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

UNCERTAINTY concerning the names of the chief delegates of several countries, including the U.S.S.R., whose Foreign Minister, M. Molotov, was unable, at the conclusion of the Three-Power talks in Moscow, to say definitely whether he would find himself able to come to London or not, caused delay in the sending of invitations from Buckingham Palace for the Royal banquet ordered by the King as a fitting inauguration to the most important conference London has known since the League of Nations held its last and only meeting at St. James's Palace.

Buckingham Palace would have been the natural setting for a Royal function such as this; and the decision to make the venue across the Mall at St. James's Palace was dictated not, as might be thought, by the fact that it is still to "the Court of St. James's" that London-bound Ambassadors and Ministers are sent, but simply by force of circumstance. The great ballroom at Buckingham Palace, scene of so many débutante memories, like most of the other State apartments, still bears the scars of war. It will be many weeks, if not months, before it is ready for use again. St. James's suffered, too, from bombs, but fortunately the State apartments escaped with little or no damage, and the red-walled Presence Chamber, with its handsome mouldings and gilded cornices designed by Wren, is a worthy room for the great gathering.

DINNER-JACKETS OR DAY-SUITS

POST-WAR stringencies, from which we all suffer in various ways, ruled out the original suggestion that the function should be made a full State occasion, with guests in Court dress, the members of the Household in their ceremonial tunics of red and gold and white breeches and white silk stockings, the Royal servants in powdered hair and heavy State livery. Instead, the invitation cards bore the unromantic instruction that dinner-jackets or day-suits might be worn. Let us hope that by the time another State banquet is planned, conditions may have eased enough to permit of a little display of the glitter and pomp properly associated with a Royal Court.

PORTRAIT PAINTERS

THREE galleries of the Royal Academy of Arts were crowded for the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' fifty-third exhibition. This exhibition, which is open until January 20th, includes some interesting and beautiful portraits. In the first gallery there is a charming painting of the Earl and Countess of Stafford in their library—a conversation piece, painted by Sir William Nicholson; and a striking portrait by I. M. Cohen of the Duchess of Sutherland, painted in a simple white dress with no jewels. Among his other portraits, Mr. Cohen is exhibiting a lovely picture of Marietta, the pretty five-year-old daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. L. Speed. A large and magnificent full-length portrait of the Duke of Beaufort, in ceremonial robes, has been painted by Oswald Birley, who has also done an excellent

small picture of Major Sir Philip Hunloke, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Amongst those I saw admiring the pictures were King George of the Hellenes, the Duchess of Beaufort, who was quietly studying the pictures before lunch and stopped to talk to Lady Apsley, who was going round the galleries in her wheel-chair; the Marchioness of Cambridge; the Earl and Countess of Strafford; the Duke of Marlborough, whose portrait in uniform hangs in the first gallery; G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke, Mrs. Victor Seely, Mrs. Miller Mundy, Mrs. Charles Sweeney, Mrs. Robert Ducas and General Sir Thomas and Lady Riddell-Webster. After lunch the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Mrs. Fisher, came to see his portrait by Alexander Christie; Sir Lancelot and Lady Oliphant were together; the Marchioness of Queensberry (Cathleen Mann), looking very attractive in a mink coat and little hat to match, came with the Earl of Carnarvon and his son, Lord Porchester, and all three went straight to see her portrait of the Earl of Carnarvon, which is hanging "on the line." Lady Queensberry has three other pictures in the exhibition—a small picture of Countess Beatty, a very large one of Viscount Tredegar, and a charming picture of the American General Bradley.

RECEPTION

THE reception arranged at Seaford House by His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland to meet representatives of the Allied Air Forces was a gay and cheerful affair. The Secretary of State for Air and Lady Stansgate received the guests at the top of the magnificent staircase in this lovely house, the scene of many glittering parties in bygone days. There was dancing in the fine ballroom to an excellent Czechoslovakian Army band, and a buffet running the whole length of the panelled room on the other side of the staircase. There were many delegates to the preliminary U.N.O. Conference at the party.

G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig was introducing Mr. and Mrs. Attlee to many of the representatives of the Allied Air Forces present, including good-looking Major-General Skliarov, the Soviet Military and Air Attaché. Miss Ellen Wilkinson was another member of the Government wending her way slowly through the crowded room, talking to many of the guests. Mrs. Ernest Bevin was there without her husband, who was then still in Moscow, and was helping to entertain the guests, as were the Under-Secretary of State for Air and Mrs. Strachey and Mr. and Mrs. Noel Baker.

Our own Air Force was well represented, as I saw Sir Arthur Tedder (upon whom a barony is now conferred) with Lady Tedder, Air-Marshal Sir John Slessor, Air Chief-Marshal Sir William and Lady Sholto Douglas, who both had a long chat to Mr. Attlee, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal (doubly honoured in the New Year's List) with Lady Portal, who told me they are shortly moving down to Sussex, where they are eventually going to make their home. Lord Trenchard was sitting in a corner of one of the rooms talking intently to one of the air attachés, and G/Capt. Lord

Willoughby de Broke and his wife were both meeting many friends.

BOXING DAY RACING

A NEARLY springlike day greeted a big holiday crowd at Windsor on Boxing Day. The chief attraction of the afternoon was the valuable Herne the Hunter Chase, which was won in the most convincing style by Major the Hon. "Jaky" Astor's Chaka, ridden by R. Smythe. All being well, Major Astor's fine chaser should have a great chance of winning the first post-war National on April 5.

Major Astor and his very attractive wife, who is the daughter of the Argentine Ambassador and Madame Carcano, were there to watch the race, and so was his eldest brother, the Hon. William Astor, with his wife. There were many school-children on holiday enjoying the racing. General Critchley was accompanied by his wife and a schoolboy son and daughter; Major and Mrs. "Penn" Curzon-Howe had brought their little daughter, and I saw Brig. Anthony and Lady Dorothea Head, accompanied by their little son and daughter. Mrs. Peter Barrow had brought her son, Michael Gibbes, whose father was killed in Libya while serving with the 8th Hussars. In the paddock Cdr. Colin Buist was chatting to Major Gwynne Morgan-Jones, who was home on leave from Germany, and Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, who had come over from Newmarket. Capt. Charles and Lady Moyra Forester had come up from their new home near Lambourn, a locality where many winners are trained. Other regulars to be seen were Prince Vsevolode and his lovely wife, Princess Romanovsky Pavlovsky, Mr. Teddy Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mr. and Mrs. George Beeby, Sir Arthur Pilkington, Major Dermot Daly and Lt.-Col. E. H. (Bunny) Tattersall.

ANNUAL CHILDREN'S PARTY

ONCE again there was a big crowd of children and some parents and nannies at the Hungaria for the annual party given by "Uncle" Joe Vecchi for the small sons and daughters of his many friends. As usual, there was a super-tea ending with ice-cream, and there were crackers, squeakers and carnival hats to make a really noisy Christmassy scene. A Punch and Judy show and a Father Christmas who played an accordion soon had the children laughing and singing happily. Among those I saw enjoying themselves were Charles, James and Sarah, children of the Hon. Michael Henderson, elder brother of Lord Faringdon. Michael Hughesdon came with his mother, Florence Desmond; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's little son and daughter, David and Susan, came with their nanny. Lady Cunningham's party included Jean O'Connor, Michael Webster and Angela and Heather Cornell. Sir Piers Mostyn came with his mother, and others there were Countess Noad-Johnston's children Michael and Ann, Hugh Sassoon, Sandra Beaton, Angus Farrar, John Leslie Randle, whose late father won the V.C., Nicholas and Sarah Bowater, who came with Lady Bowater, and Brenda Bisgood, who came with Ellie Lady McMahon.

Jan. 10th

Lord Ednam marries Miss Stella Carcano, eldest daughter of the Argentine Ambassador. Brompton Oratory, 4-30

Jan. 11th

Warwickshire Hunt Ball, Shire Hall, Warwick. — North Stafford Hunt Ball, Maer Hall, Newcastle. By kind invitation of Miss Harrison, O.B.E., M.F.H.

Photographs by
Swaebe



Col. Warren-Pearl, the host, chatted to Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys. Sir Weldon is the second baronet



Dancing together were Capt. R. Sawrey-Cookson and Miss Susan Pearl, for whom the dance was given



F/Lt. D. G. Heaton Nicholls, son of the High Commissioner for South Africa, Miss Sylvia Schweppe, who was just on the point of finishing an excellent plate of ice cream, and Miss Audrey Warren-Pearl

Mrs. Warren-Pearl's Dance for Miss Susan Pearl



Mr. N. Mosley brought his sister, Miss Vivien Mosley. Their aunt is Baroness Ravensdale



Mr. Christopher Hodson and Mr. Eric Collie escorted Miss Bronwen Williams-Wynn, who is a granddaughter of Sir H. L. Watkin Williams-Wynn



Sitting out were Major J. D. Henderson and Miss Penelope Henderson, who was wearing a lovely diamond brooch on her pretty net dress



Five people enjoying some refreshment were Mr. M. Kavanagh, Capt. V. L. Higginson, Major and Mrs. Goodman Hodges, and Mrs. Kavanagh



Mr. John Dyson, Lady Loder (the former Miss Marie Symons-Jeune), Sir Giles Loder and Mrs. Walter Duncan, who is the mother of Mrs. John Grimston



The Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, and Major-Gen. Skliarov, the Soviet Military and Air Attaché, at the reception held at Seaford House, Belgrave Square

H.M. Government Reception to Representatives of the Allied Forces

The Secretary of State for Air and
Lady Stansgate Received the Guests



The Minister for Air, Lord Stansgate, and Lady Stansgate with the Belgian Air Attaché. Lord Stansgate was Vice-President of the Allied Control Commission for Italy from 1943-44



H.R.H. Amir Feisal, with the Saudi Arabian Minister, Madame Arminazi, wife of the Irak Minister, and the Irak Chargé d'Affaires



Air Marshal Sir Douglas Evill, who has received the G.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, and General Valin, French Air Attaché



Capt. R. F. Hickey, U.S. Navy Air Attaché, Col. A. Hecksher, Brazilian Air Attaché, and Col. Milton Turner, U.S. Army Air Attaché



Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Tedder, who has been created a baron in the New Year's Honours, with Lady Tedder, and the Under-Secretary for Air, Mr. Strachey, and Mrs. Strachey



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal of Hungerford and Air Cdr. Caldwell, A.D.C., N.Z.R.A.F. in England. Lord Portal has been elevated to the rank of Viscount, and also received the Order of Merit in the New Year's Honours



Lt.-Col. Pun Young Huang, of China, and Major Hugh Donnan. Many celebrated Allied airmen were at the reception



The wife of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Attlee, and Mme. Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador. Dr. Wellington Koo has been the Chinese Ambassador in London since 1941



Mrs. Aida Foster coaches some of her brightest pupils, which includes sixteen-year-old Jean Simmons, who has been signed up for a seven-year contract with Mr. J. Arthur Rank's film organisation, Patsy-Ann Hedges, who is now playing the lead in "The Land of the Christmas Stocking," and Jean Brown, Sally Mayo, Yvonne Marsh and Faith Bailey, who are also appearing in the same play

YOUNG ASPIRANTS FOR STARDOM

Learn Their Trade at the Aida Foster School in London



The Younger Generation: Some of the youngest people in the school take a keen interest in their work. They are David Mears, Bridget Harding, Anthony Lang, Warren Bailey, and Donald Reader, who appeared in the film "For You Alone," while the other children all do modelling

● The stage as a career is the dream of almost every little girl and quite a few small boys as well. Schools where stagecraft in all its many aspects is taught, combined with general education, are very popular. The Aida Foster school is among the foremost institutions of this kind. Founded in 1929, it has a considerable staff of experienced teachers, and a very large following. Children are accepted from the age of three, and until they are six years old they are only taught dancing and play games, and are also gently introduced to such subjects as modelling and mannequin work. When they are six general schooling starts, and this goes up to matriculation standard. In the course of their education children are brought to exam. standards by the Royal Academy of Dancing, the Poetry Society, London Academy of Dramatic Art, Royal Academy of Music and the Imperial Society of Teachers and Dancing. At this school, children with talent are skilfully guided and encouraged, and if their gifts are strong enough to make them into successful dancers, actors and singers, the school finds out without the children losing the important years of general schooling. However, if it is found that the hoped-for talent does not mature in a child, no harm is done, for the boy or girl will, in any case, be much better equipped for social life



Left: The dancers are mainly practising the graceful position of the hand in elementary steps, while Miss Anita Foster corrects the attitude of June Garland, aged fourteen, who has just been booked for the Birmingham Repertory Company

Young Dancers at the Bar



A Singing Rehearsal: Norma Newton, aged eleven, sings "Little Old Lady" in rehearsal for a cabaret. Many cabaret shows are held at the school to give the children actual experience of stage work. For the last two years the school has added a theatrical agency to its activities, and young talent shaped and moulded is led into suitable stage jobs



A Young Student, Warren Bailey, who takes acting classes, registers "delight." The proportion of the girls to boys who study acting at the school is about two to one

PRISCILLA in

PARIS

"... Quite like the dear, dull days before the other war ..."



Mlle. Marie Bizet, gay little comédienne, has made a name for herself in the cabaret world and on the music-hall stage in Paris. The photographer wanted to take her in a pensive mood. This was the best she could do



Mlle. Arlette Marchal is the beautiful French cinema star who drove an ambulance with the A.S.A. unit throughout the war. In the early part of last year she met with a serious accident while driving, but has fortunately made a complete recovery. Mlle. Marchal speaks English fluently and will probably be seen in an Anglo-French production in the near future

Paris, December 23rd.

"TIE up the knocker. Say I'm sick—I'm dead!" This sounds like the morning after rather than the night before, but judging from the honestly-advertised prices of the Réveillon fare that warn us we shall be lucky if we can make gay for anything less than £15-per head, I doubt whether I shall get anywhere near a sick headache. No! My sickness is purely of a moral order. Here I went, the other week, spreading my pen on paper anent the most amusing cabarets in Paris for English visitors, and twenty-four hours later they were all closed down! For why? Electricity shortage, of course.

Heat and Light

I HATE to think of the thousands of artistes, dressers, pew-openers, scene-shifters and waiters thus thrown out of work, to say nothing of the owners and producers of these shows who, what with overhead expenses and taxes, are definitely not making the fortunes with which they are credited. The fact that, a few days later, they received permission to open from 9 p.m. to 10.30, does little to arrange matters—one cannot crowd a three-hour spectacle into an hour-and-a-half. It would be better, methinks, to close down some of the Government offices that, from 4 p.m. onwards, are ablaze with lights, empty rooms and all. Long corridors are lighted a *giorno* with high-powered lamps. These could be reduced by half, if only to oblige young employees who play kiss-and-tell under the absent mistletoe. I have no objection to kisses, in or out of office hours: I was young once and, believe-yuh-muh, I did my share, but a little more moonlight and mystery makes the business more enjoyable, while, most definitely, no-telling is a better way of playing the game. These various offices, which are only occupied from 9 a.m. to 5 or 6 p.m., are also heated like operating theatres. No comments. And again no comments on the fact that central heating has been installed at huge cost at Philip Pétain's island retreat and tons of coal shipped over when fires of driftwood would surely have been sufficient.

To-morrow Never Comes

FOR you who read, this Christmas is long past, but we are in the thick of it, such as it is. For the past week we have been queueing-up at the post-offices, now open only from 10 to 4, to buy stamps and despatch parcels which usually go astray if there is anything eatable in them. Of course, we ought to have posted early for Christmas ages ago, but we are always living in the hopes of a miracle. Believing in the fairy-tales that the maid brings home from her morning's shopping, we fondly imagine that "prices are coming down," and that a 20-franc Christmas card will, to-morrow, only cost 15! But here indeed to-morrow never comes, and at the last minute we rush around, pawn the baby's silver rattle in order to buy him something new, put new inside leaves to last year's cards, and generally indulge in all the make-shifts of these post-war, muddlesome times.

An Almost Perfect Evening

WE'VE had one gorgeous and almost perfect evening this week. The *répétition générale* of *La Folle de Chaillot*, the late Jean Giraudoux's play, produced by our master actor-manager, Louis Jouvet, at the Athénée Theatre, that is to Paris what the Haymarket was (and perhaps still is, for all I know) to London. It was quite like the dear, dull days before the Other War, when guests at a *première* walked from their cars to the palm-decorated atrium under a striped awning, while the crowd lined up on either side of the red carpet oh-ing and ah-ing, not to say jeering, at the lovelies who

sailed by in all their prettiest pretties. This is the first time since the war that the photographers have turned out *en masse* at a theatrical function, and their silver bulbs (which probably have a technical name, but I know it not) flashed like summer lightning. Here in one group were the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and her party; there, François Mauriac and the *Figaro* group. In the tiny foyer, packed to suffocation, I came across Jean-Louis Vaudoyer and his lovely blonde wife, but without their young daughter, Geneviève, who is still in uniform and driving a lorry somewhere in Germany; Rosemonde Gérard and her "ineffable" son, Maurice Rostand; Paul Abram, who went into exile in '40 but has returned to resume his post as director of the "second Théâtre Français" at the Odéon; Maurice Yvain, the composer, whose beautiful wife, the singer, Gabrielle Ristori, has come safely back from the "Camp of Death" at Auschwitz; Jean Marais, and, of course, Jean Cocteau, fuzzy-headed as ever; bearded "Bébé" Bérard, who has done the scenery for so many of Jouvet's productions and who is again responsible for the two *décors* of *La Folle de Chaillot*, the "exterior" of the famous Café François on the Place de l'Alma, and the crazy, rag-bag, 1900 "interior" of Aurélien's room in an underground cellar of the Rue de Chaillot; the dramatists and authors: Marcel Pagnol, Leopold Marchand, Albert Willemetz (who has brought *Arsenic and Old Lace* to Paris), and Joseph Kessel. The cinema stars and actresses: Jeanine Crispin, Mady Berry, Yolande Laffon, and one of the greatest actresses of our times, Yvonne de Bray, together with a whole crowd of charming but lesser lights, all exquisite little beauties who appear in countless productions but who are so featureless and impersonal that one cannot tell them apart.

Perfect Acting

OF the play itself, what can one say? When one remembers *Siegfried*, *Intermezzo* and *Electre*—but no, it is wrong to recall past triumphs and compare them with this play since its author was no longer here to continue the work that is still to be done long after the last "curtain" is written. *La Folle de Chaillot*, produced and acted with all the perfection that Louis Jouvet, Bérard, Marguerite Moreno, Bogaert, Raymone, and a picked company of players can bring to anything they do, will earn great money for the Athénée box-office, but on returning from the theatre, those of us who love and admire Giraudoux will go to their bookshelves and take down *Amphitryon* '38 or even his adaptation of *The Constant Nymph* and read till dawn.

PRISCILLA.

Voilà!

● A pretty little nit-wit in the Paris Metro was talking and talking and talking! The noise and rumble of the train made her raise her voice to such an extent that it was impossible to not hear the inanities she uttered. At a station near a railway terminus an old country-woman with a heavy basket got into the carriage and sat down opposite the little lady. A fat goose poked its head out from under the basket-lid. It and the nit-wit stared at each other. A young Frenchman, who had evidently been in England and who remembered a famous advertisement that used to adorn the boardings there, murmured quietly: "Alas! My poor sister."



The Infante Juan, who uses the title of Count of Barcelona when incognito, on the golf links at Lausanne. He is the youngest son of the late King Alfonso XIII., and is the Pretender to the Spanish throne



The Infanta Maria Christina, younger daughter of the late King Alfonso, is the wife of Count Enrico Eugenio Marone. She was married in 1940, and has two little girls, Vittoria and Giovanna



The Infanta Maria-Mercèdes, wife of the Infante Juan, posed outside her villa, Les Rocaillies, Lausanne. She was Princess Maria-Mercèdes of Bourbon-Sicily, was married in 1935, and has two boys and two girls

Spanish Royalty and British Diplomats in Switzerland



The British Minister in Switzerland, Mr. Clifford Norton, who was awarded the K.C.M.G. in the New Year's honours, and Mrs. Clifford Norton, ski-ing near the Kleine Scheidegg. His Excellency is a keen wintersportsman, golfer and lawn-tennis player



Colonel Norman Fryer, British Military Attaché in Berne, is an enthusiastic skier, and was enjoying the sport in ideal weather in the Bernese Oberland, near Wengen, when he met the camera



Prince Hal: "And God forgive them that have so much sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me"
King Henry sternly admonishes his son, Prince Hal, for his wild behaviour and his
undesirable friends (Michael Warre, Nicholas Hannen)



Lady Percy: "Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that taketh
from thee
Thy stomach, 'pleasure and thy gold
sleep?"
Lady Percy and Hotspur (Margaret Leighton, Laurence Olivier)

The Old Vic Company

In "Henry IV.", Parts I. and II.



Morton: "Douglas is living and your brother, yet:
But for my lord your son——"
Northumberland: "Why, he is dead"
(Royden Godfrey, Peter Copley, Miles Malleon, George Rose)



Shallow: "I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of the
country and one of the King's Justices of the Peace
What is your good pleasure with me?"
Old Justice Shallow enjoys his food (Laurence Olivier)



Prince Hal: "Why, Percy, I killed myself and saw thee dead"
 Falstaff: "Didst thou, didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world
 is given to lying"
 (Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Robin Lloyd, Michael Warre)

Hotspur: "Out of this nettle danger, we
 pluck this flower safety"

The impatient Hotspur dreams of power and
 plans his ill-fated rebellion against the King
 (Laurence Olivier)

● The Old Vic Company's production of the two parts of *Henry IV.* has been proclaimed as one of the finest presentations of Shakespeare's plays ever to have been seen in this country. All the poetry, drama and humour of those immortal plays has become alive and new with a brilliant cast in an almost flawless production. Ralph Richardson's Falstaff, that grotesque mountain of outrageous humour, and Laurence Olivier's Hotspur, fiery and tender, followed in Part II. by the perfect caricature of the senile old Justice Shallow—these are performances that will remain for ever in the memory of every theatregoer who has had the privilege to see such acting, from two such great actors of our time. The remarkable versatility of every member of the company is especially noticeable in Part II., when so many of them appear in a new and completely contrasting guise. It is also an exceptional pleasure to be able to see both parts of *Henry IV.* on consecutive days, so enabling the audience to pick up the thread of the history with only a small break in between the two of them. The play is produced by John Burrell, with music by Herbert Menges



Pistol: "Fear we broadsides? No, let the fiend give fire"
 Falstaff: "Pistol, I would be quiet"

Falstaff and his friends carouse at the Boar's Head tavern with the drunken Doll Tearsheet and Mistress Quickly (George Relph, Brian Parker, Ralph Richardson, Joyce Redman, Sybil Thorndike, Michael Raghan)

Photographs by
 John Vickers

Meyer Family Conversation Pieces

Four Generations — in
Paint and in Person

● Our group of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer and their children illustrates the likeness between four generations of the family. The Sargent painting in the background is a portrait of the late Lady (Carl) Meyer, wife of the first baronet, and her children. It belongs to Sir Anthony for his life and will then pass to the nation, to hang in the Tate Gallery. Sir Anthony Meyer, who was born in 1920, succeeded to the title in 1935 on the death of his father, Sir Frank Meyer. He served in the Scots Guards during the war. His marriage to Miss Barbadee Violet Knight, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Knight, took place in 1941

Photographs by
Bassano



Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer posed with their children, Ashley and Carolyn Clare, against Sargent's portrait of Lady (Carl) Meyer, grandmother of Sir Anthony, with her children, Frank, later Sir Frank Meyer, and Elsie, now Mrs. Harry Hulbert



Fourteen-months-old Ashley Meyer, son and heir of Sir Anthony Meyer, already shows his inherited taste for music



Carolyn Clare Meyer, born in 1943, is the elder of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer's children



A Shooting Party at Castle Bernard, Co. Cork

Photographed recently at the Irish home of the Earl of Bandon were Capt. the Hon. C. P. Bernard, brother of Lord Bandon, Sir George Colthurst, Major W. B. Bell, D.S.O., G/Capt. C. F. H. Grace, Lieut.-Col. R. Raephel, G/Capt. A. R. Bett, Dr. W. O. Whelply, Mr. G. Savory, Master Michael Savory

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"

Keyes of Zeebrugge

EVERYONE who knew the late Lord Keyes realises in full measure the loss which his Service and the nation have sustained. If it ever were true to say of anyone that he was without fear and without reproach, it was so where he was concerned. In and out of the Navy he inspired genuine affection and an abiding admiration. He was that unhappily rare thing, a right 'un from truck to keelson; a personality, which those who knew him intimately, will find it very difficult to replace. Outside his very distinguished fighting record, he was a sportsman in the very best sense. He was a great pillar of the Royal Naval Polo Association, whose tentacles stretch all over the world and help in particular the young officer, whose bent is towards that great game, and he played polo himself as often, and as well, as chance would let him. When the Navy went on near winning the Inter-Regimental of 1936, he was standing alongside him, and his excitement was that of a schoolboy. It was a refreshing experience. Lord Keyes rode very well, and though I cannot recall his having found his way to that fine testing-field, The Shires, in his own county, Buckinghamshire, he went as close up to the stems of hounds as the next man. Best of all, as I thought whenever I saw him, he sat in the right spot, and looked to have the best of hands. This latter gift evinced itself in most other spheres; but there was one exception—the House of Commons.

Notitia Venatica

THINGS were a bit more spacious and comfortable when Vyner wrote his famous book, whose title is purloined. To-day, after all that has happened during six years of fighting of an entirely new brand, the wonder is not that things are difficult, but that we can record that there is even a semblance of the "divinest of ecstasies under the sun," Bromley-Davenport meaning by that same, taking them as they come in the wake of a pack of hounds (wherever wire will let you!). Yet even though the key be a minor one, things are, at any rate, waddling along! From the Midlands and Derbyshire my vedettes report all more or less well, excepting that so much of the grass has gone, and any that is being rehabilitated is none too sound. How could it be after six seasons of the plough? Here is an extract from a letter from the West, "Beauforthshire," Avon Vale, and the like:

Hunting is struggling along in a small way—mainly farmers and girls, but there are, I think, signs of a possible revival if ...! One unfortunate result of the ploughing-up of so much of our grasslands

seems their ruin from a hunting point of view. Crops of hay, etc., were good and heavy, but the good, firm, old pastures, though looking all right when laid down again to grass, are still mere plough, in spite of the actual shortage of rain. You get on to a nice-looking bit of grass, but next minute you find your horse hock-deep in mud! I do not know whether this is so everywhere, but I hear it is pretty widespread. Let us hope that it will consolidate and settle down again in a year or two!

My friend is not far off the mark, but I think he is an optimist to put it at "a year or two." In Leicestershire that ridge and furrow was centuries old, and as sound as the Bank. Anyway, you never went in up to your girths, and usually it rode like a springboard. You cannot get that sort of thing back in a couple of years. The Fitzwilliam, I hear, had bumper fields round about Christmas, but four wheels outnumbered four legs.

From the Evergreen Isle

THEY appear to be just as full of beans as ever where hunting is concerned, and this is scarcely surprising, since they have not had to endure the searing blast of war. My spy says that in Meath and Kildare things are prospering—plenty of hounds and plenty of horses. Both these countries were always well foxed, so why should they not be having a good time? My friend says also that the hunter market is good. I am delighted, but not a little surprised, to hear it, for the English buyer is not rolling in gold, and he used to be a fine source of revenue to Meleady and many more! If horse-dealing ever died out in Ireland, one of the best comedy turns in life would vanish. "Ye don't think he's a honther, don't ye? Aah! Ye wouldn't know!" Or on top of a bank with a real yawner beyant: "Did ye moind the way he threw the last wain behind 'um? Three hundred would be givin' him to ye—and his comrad' winnin' a cup of gold at the R'yal Dublin Show!" And much more! How we should miss it if ever sale and barter—and blarney—died out in that soft, fascinating land which starts pulling your leg from the moment you set foot ashore at the North Wall.

Jumping

AN old friend, who also happens to be a well-known owner, and who used to be a first-class G.R., writes me: "We have had some real good days at Cheltenham recently, but prices have been prohibitive. Gerry Wilson and Walwyn have provided most of the winners. And now I wonder whether Prince Regent is really a super-horse?" That is what a lot of

us would like to know. He is a head and shoulders above anything they have had in Ireland for a long time, but even they are not so sure where Aintree is concerned. That course is a law unto itself, and these three-mile 'chases, which are giving us such good entertainment, may delude us into believing that the horses we see winning them will be the same things over 4 miles 856 yards, with very appreciably stiffer obstacles in the path. Only one horse likely to start next April has won over the full distance, Bogskar, and only one other, Poet Prince, over a shorter portion of that rasping course. Prince Regent has never even seen these fences; neither have Chaka, Poor Flame, nor Red Rower. We cannot know how Red April, a really fine cut of a 'chaser, or Poor Flame, the obviously brilliant young Irishman, are going to fare over these big armfuls of fences. It is the arc demanded of a horse that takes the steam out of him, and if he happens to take a slight liberty with one of them it puts a big drag on him, even if it does not bring him down. Will this sort of thing defeat Prince Regent, Prince Blackthorn and Co.? We do not know. Personally, I think that Prince Regent is such a finished jumper that Aintree will not puzzle him. But what anyone thinks is not evidence.

Caution

IT is suggested that we should not believe that Prince Blackthorn cannot accommodate himself to our fences. He jumped well enough in that 'chase at Windsor on Boxing Day, even if he did not go quite as well as he will have to do. I think Lord Bicester has got the right coachman on him in H. Nicholson. Prince Blackthorn clouted one of the fences pretty hard, and it took a bit out of him. He will not be able to afford to do this at Aintree, but I am sure that he is a first-class horse. Chaka, getting 6 lbs. from Red Rower, ran clean away with it this contest. Major Jack Astor's nice little horse is quite a bit in front of his bridle, but R. Smyth rides him just as he should be ridden, and does not let him beat himself fighting for his head. He is a slashing jumper; likes them at top speed, and, so far, has not hit one that has been able to hit back. He is a natural jumper, which means so much, and he has all that heart room which ought to enable him to stay for a week. If this pair should meet in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham it will be worth going a long way to see the fight, and it might even tell us how to bet in the National. Gallant old Right 'Un, but for that little lapse at the water, probably would have run up to Chaka, but nothing could have beaten him.

A Ball in Aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Fund



Lord Waleran, assisted by his
cocker spaniel Rajah, who was
suitably dressed for the occasion,
drew the tickets for hundreds of
prizes which had been generously
given to aid the fund



Capitaine Giboin and Miss V. Sugden (standing)
and Lady Ashley, who is the wife of Lord Ashley,
the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir

Photographs by
Swæbe



Lady Waleran, with Major Ivor
Beal, who contributed largely to
the success of the cabaret

● Lady Waleran was the charming and efficient chairman and organiser of the ball in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Fund, and she and Lord Waleran put in a great deal of hard work to make the evening the success that it was. Another enthusiastic helper was their golden cocker spaniel Rajah, who has an exceptionally fine war record of his own, for he carried messages for the St. John Ambulance during the blitz and "buzz-bomb" weeks, and wears a medal suitably inscribed

ON THE OCCASION
OF THE
IVORY
CROSS
BALL
HELD AT GROSVENOR
HOUSE RECENTLY,
THERE WAS A BRIDGE
CONTEST —
NORTH
V
SOUTH,
TO HELP THE FUNDS.

This is to
introduce
some of
our most
famous
Bridge
experts.

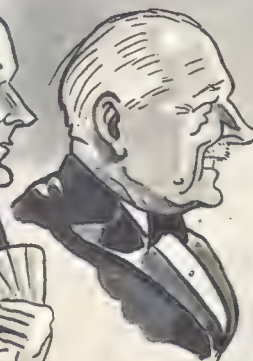
THE
'SOUTH'
TEAM —
— the
Winners —



— LADY RHODES,



SIR GUY DOMVILLE,



LT-COL
HARRY
BEASLEY
[Captain] and



C.
REPELAER.

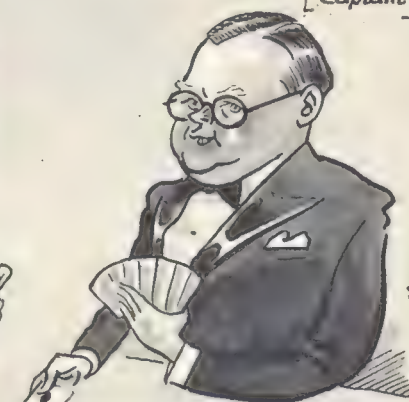
Representing
THE NORTH



EWART KEMPSON,
[Captain]



J.A. COXON,



J.O. HASTY
The Scottish Expert, and



— MAJOR G. FELL.

Expert Bridge: by "Mel"



The V.W.H. Hounds with the huntsman, Ted Goddard, in front of Cirencester Park. A company estimated at between 1000 and 2000 assembled to witness the event

Boxing Day Meet of the V.W.H. at Cirencester Park

● The traditional Boxing Day meet of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's Hounds) took place at Cirencester Park. A woodland day had been arranged and, so that as many people who wanted to could follow the hunt, the rule banning cars and cycles from the park was relaxed for the day by Lady Apsley's desire. Lady Apsley herself set an example by following hounds in an open car. Earl Bathurst and his brother were amongst the field, and other members of the family who followed on foot were Countess Bathurst and the Hon. William Bathurst

Photographs by Dennis Moss



Major and Mrs. Nigel Bardsley with their son, Jeremy, who was the youngest mounted follower



Lord Justice Lawrence, who is trying the War Criminals in Germany, on holiday with Lady Lawrence and Miss J. Lawrence



Mrs. M. Sinnott brought her eldest daughter, Sheila, who was mounted for the first time at the Boxing Day meet. Hounds moved off by way of the Broad Drive, where many spectators had assembled



Lady Apsley (in the chair) with her elder son, Earl Bathurst, who succeeded his grandfather in 1943. The Hon. George Bathurst, Earl Bathurst's younger brother, was another mounted follower



Ronald Searle

"Get me the Zoo, please,
Miss Winterton"



"You do still love me, don't you,
darling?"



"Oh! Philip—a maid at last. Now your
Martha can have a long, long rest"

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

STANDING BY

THAT unprecedented rush for Scottish—preferably Highland—ancestors reported by the Scottish Ancestry Research Council, especially from America, is not a new kind of post-war neurosis, a Harley Street psychologist was telling us, but the old familiar anxiety-hysteria.

Every McLeod has a silver lining, it's a long McLean that has no turning, and nobody decent can blame chaps menaced by impending doom for wanting rugged virtue and bushy eyebrows in the family. At the same time one feels, as a sympathetic fellow-Celt, that Highland ancestors, however well chosen, are not always suitable, especially for Americans. All over the Highlands you hear of people who have been carried off by the fairies in their youth and, after an interval, bunged back to the old homestead like returned empties. In the case of Barrie's Mary Rose it was probably that arch trick of butting people prettily in the stomach which eventually got the fairies down. In other cases the fairies are sick, maybe, of being perpetually advised and contradicted. In yet other cases they discover some sissy weakness behind that craggy façade, such as the habit of the celebrated Sawney Bean (*temp.* James I) of preferring pickled human flesh to oatmeal. And so forth.

Footnote

IF the fairies are forced to pass up these and many other difficult and temperamental Scottish types, we doubt if they are the right kind of ancestry for restless romantic chaps who very easily go fey up at Joe's on Twenty-Ninth Street, such as a friend of ours named McCosh who regularly at 3 a.m. went round on all-fours looking for his dream child and once tried to nurse an Australian sheep-farmer on his knee; but only once.

A good bargain line in Norman ancestry from the old joint in Queen Victoria Street, a herald was assuring us, is better value in the long run.

Racket

YOUTHFUL beekeepers in Lincolnshire—you can see their round, smug, shiny pans from here—have just been paid a 100 per cent. dividend on shilling shares, which is undoubtedly bad for them.

Though infinitely less doomed than the unpleasant little prigs who orate and posture in Youth Parliaments, we deem these infant apiaro-capitalists to be in double danger, (a) from trafficking in dividends, which will destroy them,

and (b) from commerce with bees, which is essentially degrading, since they may grow up to be professional beekeepers, making their bees work hard for them all day and then robbing them. They will be rarely stung, because the bee is a fool (and in lime-blossom time, a drunken, rolling fool). They will be, commercially speaking, on velvet. But their bees will despise them. Down our way, when one of a beekeeper's family dies, this supremely uninteresting fact has by ancient tradition to be whispered to the hive. Maeterlinck should have dramatised typical reaction in his *Life of the Bee*.

- | | | |
|---------|------|--|
| FIRST | BEE: | His aged Aunt Flo is dead. |
| SECOND | " | I should worry (<i>je m'en fiche</i>). |
| THIRD | " | I should worry like hell (<i>je m'en fiche pas mal</i>). |
| FOURTH | " | He is a fat and abominable personage. |
| FIFTH | " | He is abominable and fat. |
| SIXTH | " | He stings everybody, that camel (<i>chameau</i>). |
| SEVENTH | " | I got well into the clover to-day. |
| EIGHTH | " | I'm just a fool for clover. |
| NINTH | " | Clover is good (etc., etc.). |

Bees consider the beekeeper a low type (*un triste individu*) and suspect (*un personnage équivoque*). Surely this is no occupation for the young.

Isotype

THOSE tiny men of varying height who fascinate you in statistical diagrams showing (for example) the comparative spread of *dementia præcox* among the world's estate-agents are the invention, we perceive from a *Times* obituary, of a Viennese Communist, the late Dr. Otto Neurath. They are called "isotypes."

It took some time, a chap in close touch tells us, for Neurath to put his isotypes across the Royal Statistical Society boys, a cold and gritty body devoted to every kind of figure except the human. They knew these isotypes were the kind of little men who used to chase Freud's patients through red flannel tunnels in their dreams. "No sexy Viennese brawling in this racket!" cried a statistician with small red eyes. "Faughaughton is right!" piped a statistician with a long white beard. "To infuse any Freudian jigamaroo into our seemingly labours would indeed bitch the whole shooting-match." But a stout leery statistician cried that one of Freud's patients, Mme. F of

Leipsc, was pursued for thirty years by columns of actual figures relating to the swine-fever statistics of 1879 for the Duchy of Baden, each unit wearing rollerskates and a tiny Glengarry with an egret's feather. The Royal Statistical boys sat aghast at this revelation, for it was some years later that Salvator Dali proved that everything there is derived from Ole Debbie Sex exclusively.

At length Neurath prevailed. His little men are now a commonplace of every statistician's normal dreams. But why the glass ladders? And why the fiery ears?

Technique

M UMBLING about differences between Life and Art, a chap forbore to mention an obvious current example. Have you observed that although citizens are being liquidated every day, the 8789 brilliant new ways of murder invented by the crime-fiction boys and girls are apparently unknown to the criminal classes?

Probably criminals don't read crime-novels, or if they do, they argue rightly that one good sock on the noggin with a bit of lead-piping is not only quicker but saves juries from boredom. One may imagine the distress in court as counsel describes at length how A, having hypnotised B, persuaded him to lick a doped stamp, and injected his arteries with liquid air, rang up and partially electrocuted him by telephone and then had him bitten by a poisoned Japanese flea, which caused B's backward leap to set off a hidden gun which shot B full of leprosy-capsules, his immediate collapse in a swoon actuating a secret switch which turned on the heating-apparatus which set off a small time-bomb, causing an Indian dagger to fall from the ceiling, cutting a string and thus releasing the pillows which smothered him.

THE JUDGE (yawning): Academic. What ace detective have you got, Mr. Boom?

(Here counsel mentions a famous amateur.)

A JUROR: Oh, my God.

THE JUDGE: Is that the whimsy boy, or the intellectual, or the frightful number with the comic accent, or what?

COUNSEL: M'lud, it's the Dashing-Major.

(Here the jury men all groan, and a very angry one is sick.)

THE JUDGE: All right, Boom, you louse.

Sticking to old and tried methods, criminals save juries from all this, showing that there's good in the worst of us.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing BOOKS

Into the Dark

On March 24, 1866, David Livingstone disembarked from H.M.S. *Penguin*, in which he sailed from Zanzibar, and landed on the shore of East Africa, near the mouth of the River Rovuma. A few days later he disappeared into the bush with his little caravan of coloured folk and baggage animals. From that time till he died in 1873 at a village in the heart of the continent, about 700 miles from the coast, only one white man was to see him again.

So opens Sir Reginald Coupland's *Livingstone's Last Journey* (Collins; 12s. 6d.)—as heroic, stirring and grim a book as I have read for a long time. It was begun as a sequel to the author's *Kirk on the Zambesi*, to be laid aside in favour of a full-scale study of East African history: resumed in the summer of 1939, this Livingstone book should have been finished that same autumn, but for the war. The delay, Sir Reginald tells us, proved profitable: in its course, fresh and untapped material—the Kirk and Waller papers—became available.

The value of the material is evident. *Livingstone's Last Journey* is, first of all, the story of a final superb adventure, of a single-handed grappling with circumstance, of the last beams, in earth, of an unquenchable soul. But also, we have a just penetration into the controversies that sadly, ironically, but, one must suppose, inevitably surrounded the entire Livingstone story—the rights and wrongs of the charges against Livingstone's tried friend and ex-fellow explorer, Kirk, and of England's reputed grudging treatment of Stanley. These might seem, now, to be "battles long ago"; violent other happenings have overlaid them; reputations have risen and fallen since. But truth, and the rights of a matter, are not ephemeral: this is history, and the period covered was a key time in the expansion, not much of British power but (morally more important) of the British idea. The charges—principally brought by Stanley—against the man now known to historians of the British Empire as the great Sir John Kirk of Zanzibar may have been nothing graver than slackness and fatalism; but circumstances rendered them all the more so. It is right that no mud should be allowed to stick.

Emotionally, the interest of this book cannot fail to attach to Livingstone's figure—for the reader, everything else must be on the side. This hardy, mystical Scot, this missionary-turned-explorer, looks in the frontispiece photograph like a sea captain, old type. Rough forehead and straggling moustache; forehead knotted

into an impatient frown; eyes looking out like a terrier's from under tufted eyebrows; blunt, strong hands; clumsy, vital attitude, with head turned as though at sound of a distant call—the whole of Livingstone's nature would seem captured by a miracle of Victorian photography. This was the man who, with impaired health and far from groundless apprehensions, pushed off at the head of his little train, in 1866, once again, into the dark of Africa, not this time to return.

The Man

THE Livingstone of 1866 enjoyed an unparalleled reputation, on which a lesser man might have leaned back. This was the Livingstone of the world-famous crossing of Africa, 1853-54: leaving Makololand at the end of the year, he had reached Loanda, on the Atlantic coast, in seven months. From 1858 to 1863 there had been the hardly less-famous Zambesi Expedition, on which Livingstone had been accompanied by Kirk. It had been in 1841 that Livingstone first arrived in the South African mission-field: ten years later he had ceased to be a missionary in the normal sense; though he was to expand, by every act of his life, the idea of a Christian civilisation. "He had," as Sir Reginald puts it, "heard a new kind of call, conceived a new sense of his mission to the world. For, during his stay in Makololand, he had come face to face, as it happened, with the African Slave Trade; and this chance encounter had sown the seed of what was soon to become his cardinal purpose—the destruction of the Trade."

Slave-trading—as readers of Sir Reginald Coupland's great biography *Wilberforce* should recall—had been forbidden to British subjects by the Act of 1807; but this had not meant that the outrage stopped. Nor was the European slave trade confined to the West African coast: cargoes of slaves obtained on the coast of Portuguese East Africa were shipped round the Cape to South America. When British treaties, effectively backed by patrols, brought that branch of the enterprise to an end, there remained the Arab traffic to the northward. Now the depopulation of the West was beginning to repeat itself in the centre of Africa. The cruelty of the Arab method was flagrant; and their traders were penetrating steadily farther west. The British tried to have the matter in hand. "By prohibitory regulations in British India, by agreements with the chiefs of the Arabian seaboard and especially by treaties with the Sultan of Zanzibar . . . a

*Finishing Touches to the "Lady of Peace"*

Atri Brown, Rome Scholar of 1928, designed and executed his bronze group, "Lady of Peace" in London during the blitz, flying-bomb and rocket attacks, but completed it at the New Year of victory. The Cingalese painter, Veronica Pieris, assisted him over the final touches, and the work will shortly be publicly exhibited

persistent effort was made to limit and control it. But the complete suppression of the Trade in this predominantly Moslem area was not yet regarded as practical politics."

So, in the 1860's, the matter stood. Livingstone felt to deplore it was not enough: one must act. Action, as he saw things, must take the form of the opening-up of the inner country—hitherto known only to the Arab raider—to British colonisation. So he went on ahead, to survey the land. Would it be flippant to say that he went at once in the name of God and the Royal Geographical Society? Ardent human love for the black man, and a flaming and unqualified belief in the virtue of our civilisation, inspired him.

The Journey

A PART from this, there can be no doubt that Livingstone loved exploring for its own sake. Lyric, ecstatic moments run through his Journals. This time, just after leaving Zanzibar, he wrote:

Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, any act becomes ennobled . . .

The mere animal pleasure of travelling in a wild, unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, (Concluded on page 60)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOW many of us, during the last six years, have wandered into our best room—be it drawing-room, parlour, what you will—and exclaimed: "Yes! Certainly! I will get rid of the whole lot!" Adding to ourselves: "After all, the room is scarcely used; what with coal and one thing or another. And now that domestic service is regarded rather as a sentence than a livelihood, I've got plenty to do without eternally dusting the useless, however lovely. Besides"—and there seems almost a Divine injunction attached to this—"I can't take any of it with me when I go, and those who will inherit will merely regard it in terms of probate. Again, I would probably get such fantastic prices if only I sold now!"

How many of us, I repeat, have said this to ourselves during the last six years? Said it over and over again. And yet, when the final decision had to be taken, we have not got rid of a single article! No, not even that "Present from Blackpool."

The fact is, I suppose, that our parlour reflects something within our hidden dreams which is never mirrored in the back sitting-room. It represents our idea of taste—so far as our income has been able to run to it. It is our nearest approach to creative beauty. The moment we enter, closing the door

behind us, we feel different! Suddenly we are well-dressed, better-looking, socially charming; life has ceased to be a sweat-producing rumba and become a graceful minuet. If we sit down to talk to someone who isn't really there, then this imaginary person is the one we most want to talk to, not the one we have to. In fact, we just haven't the heart to dismantle this room of ours, little used by other people though it be. It is a kind of refuge. In its way it represents life as it should be. It is co-partner in our escapism with books and music, art, poetry and loveliness, whatever we may consider as lovely.

While we are with these precious psychological refuges, we can't, so to speak, hear the clatter of pots and pans; the knock on the front-door which heralds the man to read the gas-meter; the leaking tap which demands a new washer; the talk of atomic bombs, points, rations, and "Sorry. No salt!"

The enchanting little Chelsea shepherdess; the dainty snuff-box in old enamel; the lovely cushions we bought just before the war; the books we have collected for years, and nowadays have no time to

read again; the old sampler which has followed us about since childhood; the enchantingly-fashioned Chinese lady, still holding what remains of a broken fan; all the pretty things we have collected ever since we began to make a home. . . . They are endearing company, and their "conversation," although they can never utter a word aloud, is infinitely gayer than anything to which most of our acquaintances give utterance; besides, they are far nicer to look at.

Although life might easily be easier if we could get hold of a double saucepan, one really would hesitate to accept a brand-new one if it meant parting with that reproduction of one of Vermeer's Dutch interiors, which performs no practically useful function in our lives, except to suggest an atmosphere of utter peace. Therefore, although periodically most of us will decide to get rid of everything superfluous in our homes, few of us in practice will get rid of anything. . . . And the more life becomes flat and banal, though never peaceful, the more steadfastly we shall cling to the things which, outwardly, mean nothing at all, but inwardly mean such a lot. You get so weary at last of the mental attitude which keeps on informing you that listening to Bach won't cook your dinner.



Cecil — Wyndham-Quin

Capt. the Hon. Robert Cecil, Grenadier Guards, son of Viscount and Viscountess Cranborne, married Miss Marjorie Olein (Mollie) Wyndham-Quin, daughter of Capt. the Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, R.N., and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, at Westminster Abbey



Killanin — Dunlop

Major the Lord Killanin, M.B.E., married Miss Mary Sheila Cathcart Dunlop, only daughter of the Rev. Douglas L. C. Dunlop and Mrs. Dunlop, of Oughterard, Co. Galway, at the Church of Our Most Holy Redeemer, Chelsea



Alston-Roberts-West — Demetriades

Capt. R. A. Alston-Roberts-West, M.C., Royal Sussex Regiment, son of the late Capt. R. Alston-Roberts-West, R.N., and Mrs. Alston-Roberts-West, married Mlle. Ann-Marie J. Demetriades, of Salonika, Greece, at Salonika

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Thomson — Hepburn

Mr. George Russell Thomson, M.B., Ch.B., F.R.C.S. (Glasgow), of Glasgow, married Miss Lyzbeth Margie Brodie Hepburn, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brodie Hepburn, of Bearsden, Dumbartonshire



Hankey — Brodrigg

Major the Hon. Christopher A. Hankey, R.M., second son of Lord and Lady Hankey, of Highstead, Limpsfield, Surrey, married Miss Prudence May Brodrigg, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Brodrigg, of Conara, Tasmania, at Christ Church, South Yarra, Melbourne, Australia



Hutton — Luxmore-Ball

Lieut.-Col. W. M. Hutton, D.S.O., M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. S. Hutton, of Parkstone, Dorset, married Miss Peronelle M. S. Luxmore-Ball, F.A.N.Y., only daughter of the Rev. Cecil and Mrs. Luxmore-Ball, of St. Michael's Vicarage, Barnes, at St. Michael and All Angels, Barnes

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY

GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

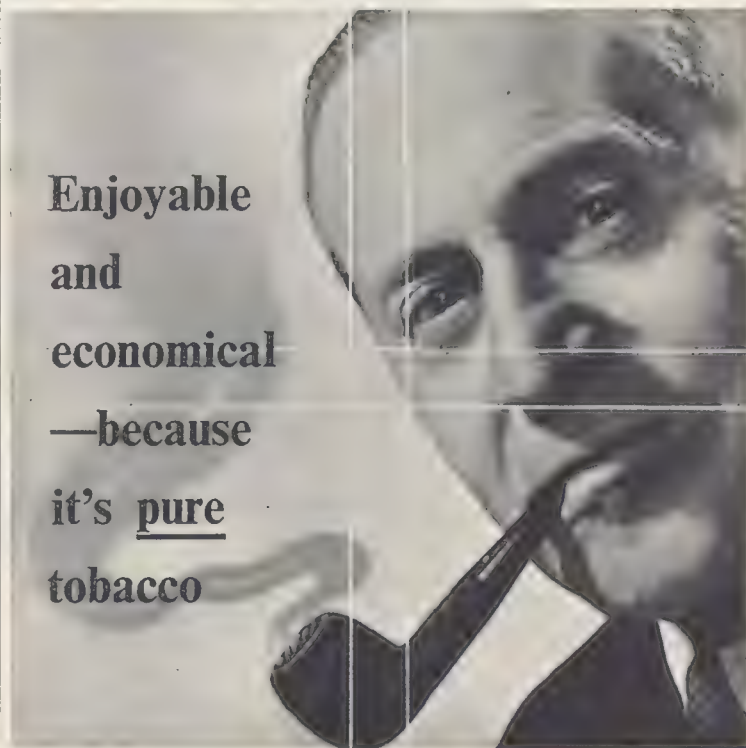


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FOUR SQUARE gives you long-lasting enjoyment because it's just pure tobacco, free from artificial scents and flavouring, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood.

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INFORMALLY AT HOME

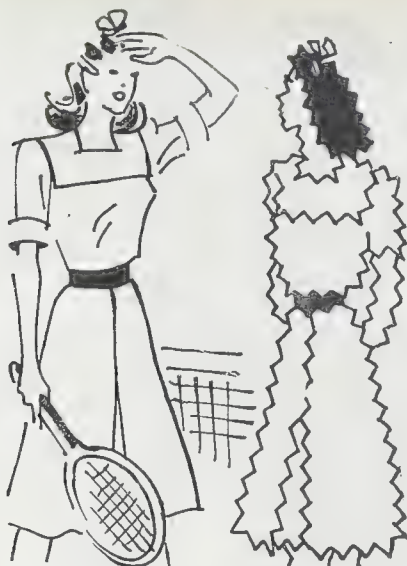
THE INDISPENSABLE HOUSECOAT

by Jean Lorimer



Dorner Cole

Housecoats, which for years have held an undisputed place in the heart of every woman who appreciates comfort and warmth, show no sign of losing any of their popularity, and the 1946 designs at *Marshall & Snelgrove* are more lovely than ever. Here are two, the one on the left severely tailored in a warm woollen material with gay spots, and the other, more formal, more sophisticated, with a cross-over top of lamé and a ring velvet skirt



A crumpled frock's a handicap anywhere! So remember the pass-word to band-box freshness—ask for rayons branded 'Tebilized.' They de-wrinkle themselves, and laundering doesn't make them limp. Remember, only fabrics which satisfy a high standard of crease-resistance are branded 'Tebilized.'

fabrics branded

TEBILIZED

have tested crease-resistance . . .

TEBILIZED* TRADE MARK USERS' ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER ST., MANCHESTER, 2



Comfortable slacks in blue, brown, burgundy or green velvet, £3.10 and eight coupons (postage extra) with a typical blouse.



A wish in Season...

The New Year is a time for wishes and for resolutions. Resolve, therefore, to guard your beauty. Determine that the months and years to come shall bring to you the gifts of added grace and charm. Come to the Elizabeth Arden Salon for Treatments to enhance your poise and loveliness.

For your Face: the remarkable Firmo-Lift Treatment that restores youthful contours to a face that has been aged by worry or neglect.

For your Body: the most modern Treatments to perfect your figure and give you radiant vitality.

For your Hair: a glamorous evening hair-do for gala occasions, so cleverly arranged that it may easily be adjusted for daytime.

Elizabeth Arden



Here's a colour that shouts 'let's celebrate'...

It's new, it's gay, it's rich-red and blue-toned...

It's soft as cream, smooth as a dream...

Wear it like a flag, flaunt it like a pennant...

Red Bunting, Gala's latest, loveliest and most festive lipstick shade...

OTHER LIPSTICK COLOURS:

Cock's Comb; Lantern Red; Heart Red; Blaze; Chestnut; Heavenly Pink; Ballet Pink; Cyclamen; Red Sequin.

AND POWDER SHADES:

Cherub; Lotus; Nectarine; Honey; Rio; Sarong. Also, Face Creams, Make-up Foundations, and other preparations.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 55)

the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out towards our humble, hardy companions by a community of interests and, it may be, of perils, which makes us all friends. The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant: it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well-knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite, and it is only when one gloats over marrow bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is possible.

There is no doubt, either, that at the start Livingstone found his solitude—that is to say, the absence of any other white man—invigorating. His hold over natives, the almost uncanny awe with which he inspired them, was striking; he did not, however, it would appear, easily hit it off with his own kind. His friendships were few, austere—and, it proved, precarious; he was over-easily set against people. Not the least of the horrors of this darkening journey was the wheel of resentments that went round and round in his mind. For, yes, the journey soon became dreadful—a daily and nightly nightmare; everything went wrong. Weather went against him; sickness struck his train; his own health cracked and was only kept, to the end, from quite breaking by sheer will-power; his psychic hold on his people seemed to be slipping—he was robbed, cheated and had to combat mutiny. Supplies that were not stolen were soon exhausted; and those he awaited, from Kirk in Zanzibar, failed to reach him. Fatigue wracked his body; anxieties and hallucinations chased one another through his fevered mind. Ironically, it was some of the Arabs—whose activities in this region he so denounced and detested—who proved his true friends and several times saved his life.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

H. M. STANLEY is the other striking figure in this book. The context of the immortal remark (above) is correctly given by Sir Reginald Coupland from what, by the way, derives that exquisite nursery notion of two explorers, starting from opposite coasts, cutting tunnels towards each other through the African scrub and brought face to face, with doffed hats, plumb in its middle? Stanley went out to look for Livingstone, and found him. Stanley, American by adoption, was as tough as they come, and a born publicity boy. He would, like his brother news-hawks, have done well in our day—as their prototype, he did famously in his own. Livingstone, almost "out" with despair, was seated under the eaves of an Arab hut at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, when a caravan laden with bales, baths and other hardware, and headed by a large flag with the Stars and Stripes, advanced upon him: Stanley had arrived.

Intimacy, heightened by circumstances, was to spring up between this unlike pair. Livingstone's confidences to Stanley were, as it proved, exceedingly ill-judged: they gave substance to the latter's subsequent attack on Kirk. The alliance between the two explorers provides, as chronicled by Sir Reginald, not the least fascinating chapters in the book. The day came for parting: Stanley went his way, to the world and fame, Livingstone his, to death. . . . Superb descriptions of country could, alone, make *Livingstone's Last Journey* memorable. This is, in the finest sense, an adventure story. But, above all, this is a noble study of a personality—nay, more, of a soul.

Passenger to?

Transit Visa, by Anna Seghers (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 9s.), sustains a sort of heart-broken nonchalance throughout a story that could be grim enough. The scene is Marseilles, autumn of 1940, after the fall of France; the characters are exiles of all nationalities in flight from the Nazi terror—they can now fly no farther till they get visas for the Americas. These, like unwilling inhabitants of the same cage, compose a colony: days are spent queuing up, in desperate flagging hope, outside consulates, or in besieging travel-agencies; in the evenings, everyone congregates in the cafés. The same faces, telling the same story, become maddeningly, and pathetically, familiar. Ineffectuality grows on everyone, like a disease; were the background threat not so dire, this might be a Chekhov play.

The "I" of *Transit Visa* is a young anti-Nazi German who finds himself in a curious situation through impersonating a dead man. But, is Weidel dead? There is a creepy suggestion that he may be, also, somewhere around Marseilles. And, to crown all, Marie, with whom our hero falls in love, is Weidel's wife—or widow?—depending upon her husband to help her fly from Marseilles with another man. This is a brilliant, sometimes perplexing, novel.

Poems

POETRY—that is to say, its writing—used not to be a woman's domain. This war seems to have given our young women, at the price of what strain or pain one dare not ask, the gift of song. Daphne Nixon's poems, in *These Five Years* (Fortune Press, 5s.), are beautiful in their simplicity and nerve-bare directness. Their range is wide, and their diction crystal clear. Read them.

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Kathleen Binder, who had a birthday party in London recently, is with Firth Shephard. Miss Binder was in the production of "Irene" at His Majesty's Theatre. There were many actors and actresses at the party, including Margaretta Scott and Frank Leighton, now appearing in "The Hasty Heart," Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, Coral Browne and many others.





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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Honours

TO those of us who are in aviation there were many puzzles in the honours list, not the least of them being the omission of the name of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Arthur Harris. Some papers seemed to confuse his promotion to that rank with an "honour," but the fact is that Harris received no honour. It is, of course, true that the bombing policy advocated so vigorously and in such pithy terms by Harris met with opposition. The opposition was partly on the grounds that it was militarily ineffective, and partly on the grounds that it was inhuman. But since there has been an opportunity for studying the effects of the bombing in Germany and for examining the German output figures, the argument that the bombing was militarily ineffective can no longer be sustained. The grounds of inhumanity are still valid for those who can draw fine distinctions in modern war.

Strength

THERE was no greater personality—apart from Winston Churchill himself—in the war years than Harris. He took over Bomber Command at a time when the public was confused about the power of strategical bombing, when they were uncertain about how much effort ought to be devoted to it and whether it could really help in winning the war. At that moment bombing found an uncompromising champion in Harris. Had it not found that champion it would not have been developed on the scale it was by the Allies and the casualty lists in the Navy and the Army would have been a great deal longer than they were.

It seems to me utterly wrong that we should fail to honour Harris. I was never one to expect bombing to do everything. I never thought that bombing could—as the phrase used to go—"win the war." But I recognize in Harris one of the greatest leaders of the war. He did a job which could have been congenial to nobody and he did it successfully.

France-U.S. Agreement

THE French are being much more sensible than we are in their handling of air-line agreements. An interim agreement between France and the United States has now been negotiated, and I think it will usher in a period of intensive touristic development.

London with its queues, shortages of transport, food and drink and with its recently added unpleasantness (I was glad to see *The Economist* speaking out about it) of wholesale police identity card checks, is not so attractive as it used to be to those in search of a change. If it had been sensible, London could have used the high reputation it gained by its war behaviour to attract visitors from all over the world, and especially from America. But so far as air transport is concerned, we seem bent on keeping out the Americans at all costs.

So Paris will have its opportunity. And it looks as if it is going to take it. The blue ribbon route in the air is going to be New York-Paris and not London-New York. It will be on the great stretch between Paris and New York that the latest, fastest and most comfortable air liners will ply.

Farren for Blackburn

THE name of Mr. W. S. Farren is one to conjure with in the aeronautical world. He has been from the early days one of the great technical men and he has the added advantage—not enjoyed by many technical men—of having learned to fly and having done a good deal of flying. He learned some time in 1916 and flew many different machines at Farnborough. Since July, 1941, he has been Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. But on January 1 he became technical director of Blackburn Aircraft Ltd. In Mr. Farren the Blackburn company has obtained the very man who will be able to guide their ambitious schemes for the future. I do not suppose that anybody else has combined so successfully academic distinction with practical achievement.

The London Club

MAJOR K. M. BEAUMONT, chairman of the London Aeroplane Club, tells me that they hope to get going again soon at Panshanger. Wing Commander J. A. Harris is to return as chief instructor.

I have not heard of any final decision being made as to whether the Government is going to subsidize the clubs or not; but there seems to be a good deal of doubt as to whether there will be a subsidy. Although most of the clubs demand subsidy, I should personally like to see subsidies abolished. They have been, I think, the curse of aviation and the thing that has enabled the Government to get such a stranglehold upon it. If a club accepts a subsidy it loses its freedom. When people scream for financial aid from the Government, they seem to forget that they must buy that aid with some part of their own freedom. Let us have no subsidies for private or club flying.

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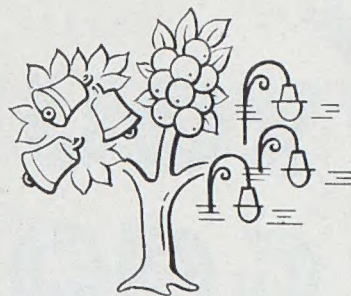
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"Tush, Sinclair. I did but jest. And

now, could you ring up the usual place and book my pre-war table — I must pick up the threads."

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"Sir?"

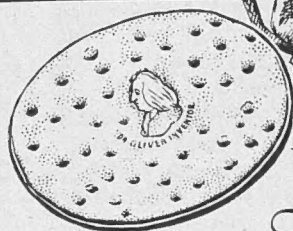
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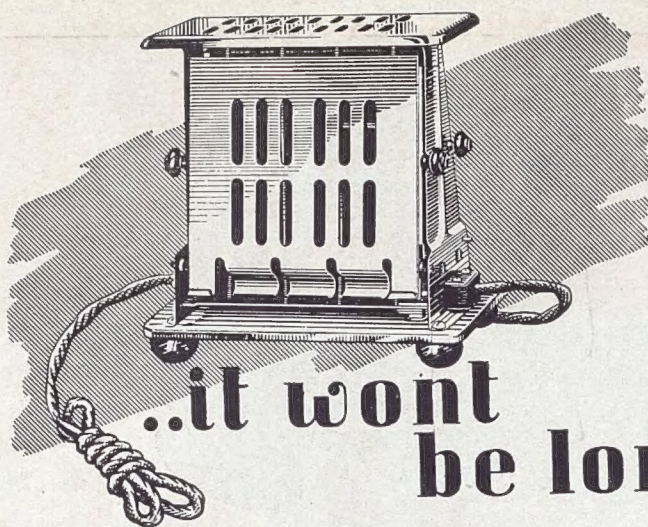
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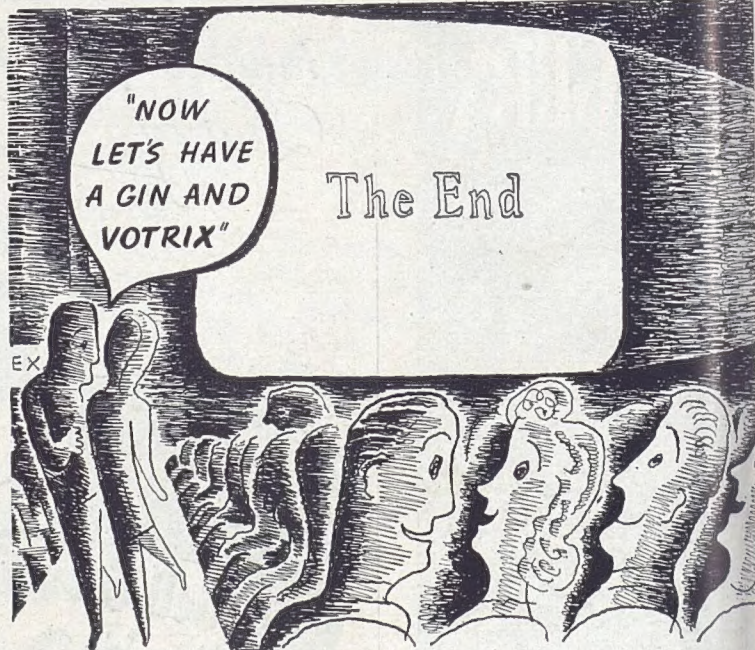


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